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PHYSICAL PANORAMA

OF



EARLY PIONEER LIFE.



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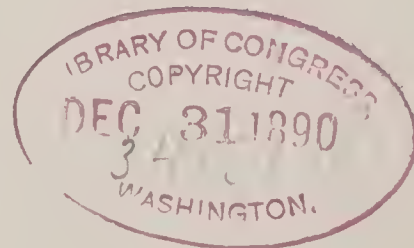
RHYTHMICAL PANORAMA  
OF  
EARLY PIONEER LIFE.

BY  
A. P. BUTTS,

BROCKPORT, N. Y.

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RECOLLECTIONS ∴ ∴ ∴

AND

∴ ∴ ∴ REFLECTIONS.

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MANY still live who *remember*  
the days,  
Of cosy log houses, and *rough*  
cause-ways,  
Unbroken circles, more happy  
and gay.  
Than *thousands* who dwell in  
palace to-day.  
Still *dear* to their hearts, those wild  
rustic years,  
Though since oft *saddened* by sorrow  
and tears.

FOND mem'ries still *cling* ; to scenes  
of childhood,

Parents and kindred—home in the  
wild wood ;

The woods, and the streams,  
*winter-green* rambles,

*Shad-trees* that blossomed in thicket  
and bramble.

How the blue bird's chirp and robin's  
shrill lays,

Caroled glad tidings of pleasant  
Spring days.

HOW played in meadow where field  
lilies grew,

Chased wild butterflies, as children  
still do,

Wild *roses* that climbed, in vale  
or in nook ;

The moss-covered *rock*, by cool  
shaded brook,

Remember how *birds*, they oft  
did molest

By climbing the *trees*, to peep in  
their nest.

BUMBLE BEE conflicts, the rapid  
retreat ;—

And *stinging* regrets, at slowness  
of feet,

*Lightning-bug* flashes—most beautiful  
sight ;—

Millions of *spark-lits*, on warm  
summer night.

Dole sounding *cow-bell* ; in woodland  
that rang

Its ding dong, ding dong, monotonous  
clang.



SONG of the *cricket*, by hearth-stone  
or wall,

Katy-did *concerts*—in Autumn  
or Fall.

Remember *sun-flowers*, and  
hollyhocks too ;

The lilac, and rose, in garden  
that grew.

Gay *morning-glories* ; so fresh, and  
so bright—

That climbed by the window, pink,  
purple and white.

THE wide spreading *elm*—where green  
ivy clung;

Where lullaby nest, of *oriole*  
swung.

How aprons and pockets, so eager  
did fill

With red ripe *apples*, from tree near  
the hill.

Remember the barn, the stable,  
the bay,

*Somersault* tumbles, from beam, on  
the hay.

W<sup>H</sup>ILE flitting and darting peak  
and rafter,

Twittering *swallows*, joined, in the  
laughter.

How boys fought *roosters* ;—dung-hill  
or game,

And bet their jack-knives as *now*, just  
the same.

The well sweep and curb, where green  
bucket hung,

*Tree*—on whose branches, they vaulted  
and swung.

LITTLE girls play-house—rag dolls,  
white, and pink,

Whose features were formed, with  
*charcoal, or ink.*

How played with *kittens*, on old  
cabin floor—

Frolicked with *house-dog*—that slept  
by the door ;

How each Christmas night, when  
hushed was the noise,

Old *Santa Claus* came distributing  
toys.



THE rolic and glee—so jolly and  
shrill,

While drawing up *sleds*,—and sliding  
down hill.

The old log *school-house*—and school-  
mates as well,

*Teachers*—who taught them to read  
and to spell.

Sisters and brothers, then *unbroken*  
band,

Through field and to school, oft  
walked hand in hand.

THE toil-worn *father*—his slow weary  
tread—

*Mother*—who kissed them and tucked  
them in bed.

Remember her song, as *cradle* she'd  
rock,

“Rock-oby baby all on the tree  
top.”

The old *pine* cradle, one foot she was  
rocking,

Rocking, and singing, while darning  
the stocking.

WORN were its rockers, quaint,  
                  paintless and bruised,

'Twas same old cradle that *grand-*  
                  *mother* used,

Broad, open fire-place, with chimney  
                  of sticks,

Laid up in clay-mortar, no lime, and  
                  no bricks,

It's evening *log-fire*—round which all  
                  sitting,    

Father was smoking, mother was  
                  knitting.

THE antique *oven*—constructed near  
by,

Where baked the corn-bread and *thick-*  
pumpkin pie,

Utensils for cooking, on hook or on  
chain,

Swung over the fire, on long wooden  
crane,

Kindled the fire, by sparks struck in  
tinder,

Or with *hand-bellows*,—revived dead  
cinder.



WHEN oft by neglect, the cinders  
expire,

How ran to neighbors to *borrow* some  
fire.

Best lights, dipped candles, in bright  
candle sticks,

Steel or brass snuffers to crop off the  
wicks,

No gorgeous parlors, with broad  
folding doors,

A carpet of *rags* rare covered the  
floors.

BUT hard wooden floors scrubbed,  
polished and white,

Pride of the house-wife by day and by  
night.

And plain bottomed chairs,—they knew  
none other,

*Two*, rockered, cushioned, for father,  
mother.

Walls neatly white-washed on sides,  
over head,

'Dorned with cut paper, blue, white  
and red.

TWO beds, close curtained and tastily  
dressed,

One for the parents, the other for  
guests,

*Small* children, always in fond mother's  
sight,

Slept in a *trundle*, drawn out for the  
night.

The tall *kitchen* clock,—bright face and  
broad crown,

Constantly ticking, no murmur, no  
frown,

HANDS pointing each hour, its bell to  
strike chime

With its *loud* ticking, the seconds of  
time.

Chamber arranged for *many* to  
slumber

Sleeping apartments, beds without  
number.

While hung in some corner, ever  
would find

Herbs for diseases of ev'ry  
kind.



LATCH strings for door-locks hung out  
in plain sight,

As tokens of welcome, till drawn in at  
night,

No change in fashions, cold or warm  
weather,

No hat wore polish, bonnet no  
feather;

No rose on the cheek save nature's  
own bloom,

No costly presents, for bride or for  
groom,

N O long wedding tours, from home,  
far away,

Married at evening—at work the  
next day.

Soft cushioned coaches and horses  
with speed,

Rich caparisoned, they stood not in  
need,

Then they used oxen ; ox-yokes with  
rings,

Carts and strong wagons, with *wood-*  
*bars* for springs.

THEN neighbors all joined, with ox-  
teams all free,  
Rolled up the log heaps, at *gay*  
logging bee  
When log-fires, and stump-fires gleamed  
on the eye  
Like scores of bright *lamps*, in dark  
evening sky,  
Children went bare-foot from Spring  
until Fall,  
And *many* a stone-bruise does  
mem'ry recall.

WOMEN knit mittens and stockings  
and hose,  
Made their own dresses and all the  
men's clothes,  
Spun wool into yarn and flax into  
thread,  
And wove all the cloth, for ward-robe  
and bed ;  
Wore calf-skin for shoes, with low and  
broad heel,  
Which served both Sunday and dancing  
the reel.

N O *tony* dances to orchestra  
notes,

Silk dresses, white kids and claw-  
hammer coats,

But quiltings, huskings, if fiddle  
perchance

Oft danced, in old way, the old  
fashioned dance,

Or swift “snap and catch,” with chase  
and a whirl

Each boy *earned* the kiss, he snatched  
from his girl.

HOW *long* seemed the days,—how *slow*  
they passed by,

Just before training, or Fourth of  
July,

Then Fourth of July was *glorious*  
day,

Which people observed in *old*  
fashioned way,

Old patriot hearts, then beat with  
new life ;—

At sound of cannon, the drum, and  
the fife.



THEN drum and the fife roused  
patriot fire,

Far *more* than brass band, to-day  
can inspire ;—

Some heard them before. in battle  
or drill,—

Lexington, Concord, and famed  
Bunker Hill,—

*Seventy-six*,—when declared they'd  
be free,—

To kings and tyrants no more bow  
the knee.

A T Saratoga—when rang through  
the states

Burgoyne is captured ! surrendered  
to Gates ;

Heard them at *Yorktown*—while  
blank cannon roared,

When Lord Cornwallis surrendered  
his sword,

When seven years' struggle, for freedom  
now o'er,

When *drum* beat the call to battle no  
more,

WHEN liberty won, no tyrants  
to fear,

Many old soldier became  
pioneer.

Hardships and suf'rings endured to  
be free,

Children then learned, at grandfather's  
knee,

In sunshine and storm did husbandmen  
toil,

With rude wooden ploughs, turned over  
the soil.

WITH strong, brawny arms, which  
knew no reprieves,  
Sowed, planted and reaped and garnered  
the sheaves,  
No *machine* to reap, to bind, or to  
mow,  
Than cradle or scythe none better  
did know,  
And hay-field or harvest, *brave* was  
the one  
Who dared beat challenge, on scythe  
with the stone.

N O thrashing machine,—in one single  
day,

To thrash all the sheaves, stack,  
scaffold and bay,

To clean up the grain prepared for  
the sack,

And carry the straw to men on the  
stack.

But slow beating flail or oxen to  
tread,

Thrashed all of their grain, for market  
and bread.

THROUGH the deep forest, their axes  
did ring

From late in Autumn till early in  
Spring.

Far away office each year to the  
day,

Oft traveled on *foot* their int'rest  
to pay.

Few roads to grist-mill or market,  
but tracks

Where tired pioneers bore grain on  
their backs.

WHEN mill far away, pounded in  
mortar,

Corn into meal, then mixed it with  
water—

On board, by the fire quickly did  
bake,

Then best of *all* bread, the old  
Johnny cake.

Schooling commenced, with big  
A B C,

Finished with grammar, and old rule:  
of three.



WHILE many pressed on and carved  
their own way,

Became brilliant stars, still brighter  
each day.

The singing school too, much pleasure  
did bring,

All the young people, to visit, and  
sing.

And his or her fame spread all through  
the town—

In spelling-school strifes, who spelled  
the school down.

N<sup>O</sup> piano to sing with, in large spacious  
room,

They sang as they worked with rat'ling  
loom,

With hum and the buzz of rude  
spinning wheel,

Turned to the tune of old op'ra  
reel,

Music was axes, in deep forest  
seas,

The echoing horns, the crash of  
the trees.

AND primeval *harps*,—the tall forest  
A trees,

Rocked by the storm or swept by  
the breeze,

God's choir of warblers, in forest  
and dell,

The low of the herd and the tinkling  
bell.

Few were the church bells to chime  
on the air,

Calling the rustics to worship and  
prayer,

I N school-house or barn, where preaching  
to hear

Parents and children all came, far  
and near

While many had place, where worn  
bible lay,

Opened for worship on each Sabbath  
day.

When Autumn leaves fell, and cool  
day had sped,

The children had climbed the ladder  
to bed,

THEN *neighbors* would meet to knit  
and to chat,  
As 'round the broad fire together  
they sat,  
The health and the wants, each neighbor  
was learned,  
For then true friendship in each heart  
did burn ;  
Then father, mother, son, daughter  
and all  
Each other's welfare, together did  
toil.

SICKNESS and suf'ring, wants of  
each other,

Women were *sisters*, each man was  
brother,—

Now as we leap, as we fly, as we  
run,

How little we think on good they  
have done,

Where scream of the panther, te-hoo  
of the owl,

Hoarse growled the bear, the wolves  
dismal howl.

WHERE fierce savage danced round  
W wigwam fire,

Brandishing weapons, with blood-thirsty  
ire.

Where fowl of the wood, the moose  
and the deer,

Had naught but arrows of savage  
to fear.

By shores of deep rivers, then shaded  
by trees,

Now floating commerce, to ocean  
and seas.

WHERE broad and green lakes, for  
W ages before,

Dashed their mad waves, on wild  
forest shore

Hill-side, in valley, on plain,  
everywhere,

Land-marks which tell us, that they  
were once there.

Where paths, through forest, which  
once seemed so far,

Now dash with fury, the engine  
and car.



WHERE net-work of roads now  
traversed with speed

They first built *cause-ways*, used oxen  
for steeds,

Where once log-cabin, the land-marks  
which tell,

Are proud happy homes, where  
thousands now dwell,

Richly draped parlors, with wide  
folding doors,

Velvet or brussels to cover the  
floors.

COSTLY pianos, the daughters to  
please,

Spring-cushioned chairs for beauty  
and ease,

Where orchard, meadow, with all their  
bright charms

School-houses, churches, and beautiful  
farms,

Where hamlet, village, and proud cities  
stand,

They built log houses and cleared up  
the land.

WELL sweeps have fallen, no curb  
left to tell

Where the cool bucket—once hung in  
the well.

No more the garden,—where hollyhocks  
proud,

Where gold rayed sunflowers, to  
morning sun bowed.

Sweet scented zephyr no longer  
blows

Where sun kissed dew-drops, from  
lilac and rose,

WEIRD harps mid the pines and  
hemlocks now still,—

Mill throbs no longer, at foot of  
the hill,—

The dam it is gone, the stream now  
runs low,

Solemn the changes since long years  
ago.

Log-chamber,—no more, gay voices  
mingle,

Nor lulling rain-drops patter the  
shingle.

N O longer resounds, from hearth-stone  
to rafter

Chorus of voices in song or  
laughter,—

No more does Santa Claus quiet and  
still

Come down the chimney, the stockings  
to fill,

The old kitchen clock no longer  
strikes chime,

Nor tick, tick, ticking its seconds of  
time.

THE old log school-house, long since  
decayed,

Where school-girls, school-boys, frolicked  
and played ;—

No longer the loom, the distaff and  
reel,

Nor hum and buzz, of the old spinning  
wheel,

No more their axes in deep forest  
seas—

Their echoing horns on soft summer  
breeze.

N O more in thicket do field songsters  
throng,

Spring time to greet them, with thrice  
welcomed songs.

Crickets still chipper in crevice and  
wall,

Katy-dids creak their autumn nights  
call,

The robin still sings and the flower  
still blooms,

While tall *grass* waves o'er pioneer  
tombs.

TIME in its march, slow swept them  
away,

Though oft, not a stone marks spot  
where they lay,

Yet good they have done will ever  
endure,

While mem'ry rewards the brave and  
the pure,

Left their achievements, when life's  
race was run,

Others to finish, what they had  
begun.



STEAM cars of progress but slowly  
did run,

Till work they commenced was finished  
and done,

As day follows day, as year follows  
year,

Men come on life's stage and then  
disappear,—

When riches and honor and fame they  
have won,

Are weighed in balance with good they  
have done.

WITH blessings we owe the brave  
pioneers,—

Their labor, privations, their prayers  
and their tears,

Down through the ages, without  
recollection,—

Their mem'ries will stand, in living  
connection,

No longer for them, earth's hollyhocks  
bloom,

Nor lilac and rose dispense their  
perfume.

THEY'VE gone to bright fields, where  
flower never freezes,—

Where music is softer than birds on  
the breezes.

With *us*, life's river continues its  
flow,

The same as with those of long,  
long ago,

Eternal oceans cease not their  
roar,

Dashing, still dashing, as ages  
before.

SAME sun, moon and stars, for *us*  
shine to-day,  
Shone for the *millions*, long since  
passed away ;  
Life's morning star climbs higher and  
higher,  
Shores of the river grow nigher and  
nigher,  
Older and older all grow every  
year,  
The same as grew older, once *young*  
pioneer.











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